

WEIRD! EERIE! STARTLING!

# WEB

10c

## OF MYSTERY

NO.  
23



FOR CENTURIES I HAVE WAITED FOR SOMEONE TO FIND MY TOMB! NOW YOU SHALL TAKE MY PLACE, PROFESSOR, WHILE I-- HEH-HEH! I'VE GOT PLANS-- GREAT PLANS...

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# HOW MANUELO DIED



AN OLD SPANISH  
FOLK TALE  
TELLS HOW ONE  
MANUELO RODRIGUEZ,  
A MEXICAN PEASANT,  
MET HIS DEATH  
IN A STRANGE AND  
AWESOME MANNER.

THERE WAS A DROUGHT IN THE LAND. THE OLIVE TREES HAD WITHERED. THE FLOODS LEFT CRIBBED IN THE BLAZING SOIL SO MANUELO HAD TO LEAVE HIS FATHER'S FARM TO WORK AS GARDENER OF A SMALL CEMETERY. . .



AS MANUELO WALKED THIS NIGHT AMONG THE CRUMBLING TOMBSTONES, THE WIND HOWLED AND BATS FLEW INSUPERABLY OVERHEAD. . . BUT MANUELO HEARD ONLY THE FULL-THROATED ROAR OF SPECTATORS AROUND THE BULL RING IN FAR OFF MADRID. . .

FOR ME, THEY WILL  
SHOUT SOME DAY...  
FOR MANUELO RODRIGUEZ!



HOW MANY SPANISH BOYS HAVE DREAMED THIS SAME DREAM? AND DIED... STILL DREAMING MANUEL? BUT MANUEL'S HAS A STRANGE DESTINY!

HALT! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE YOUR OWN MAYRA, FOOL? THIS IS A WITCH! THE COUNCIL HAS DECREED THAT SHE BE BURIED ALIVE!



MANUEL STARED, HIS SIMPLE PEASANT'S HEART STUNNED TO PITY BY THE CHILD'S SCREAMS! HE STUNNED... AND HIS EYES MET HER EYES!

TH-THERE ARE SKULLS IN HER EYES! AND TH- THEY ARE TALKING TO ME! WITHOUT SOUND... THEY ARE TALKING TO ME!



MANUEL, SON OF PEONS, HEAR MY THOUGHTS? DIG ME UP, MANUEL! DIG ME UP WHEN THE MOON IS FULL—AND IN PAYMENT, I SHALL MAKE YOU THE GREATEST TORREADOR IN ALL SPAIN!



Light had dimmed in the land, MANUEL HAD KNOWN MUCH DARKER, THIS WAS HIS CHANCE TO RISE TO FORTUNE AND GLORY! SO WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL, MANUEL BEGAN TO DIG



Now the witch had disappeared and the skulls in her eyes were speaking soundlessly again

OLD JUANITA... SHE LIVES BEHIND THE HILL... SHE IS A WITCH TOO! SHE REPORTED ME! KILL HER, MANUEL! THERE IS A SWORD IN THE PLEAT OF MY SHIRT, TAKE THE SWORD... KILL HER... AND BRING ME HER BLOOD!



So Manuel came to the house of old Juanita

I BEAR EYES... THERE IS A SHADOW AT THE WINDOW



BEARS OF DARKNESS, PROTECT ME!



FROM THE BLACKEST SWARDS  
THEY FORGED, THE HORRIBLE  
DEMONS OF THE NIGHT SHE HAD  
INVOKED! AND AT FIRST MARVELO  
COVERED . . .



BUT THEN HE REMEMBERED  
THE WITCH'S SWOARD!



HERE-- I HAVE  
BROUGHT YOU OLD  
JUANITA'S BLOOD...  
DRINK!

AAAAH... ALREADY I  
FEEL THE WARM GODS OF  
LIFE SPREADING THEM  
BY LIMBS!



YOUR PROMISE! DO NOT  
FORGET YOUR PROMISE TO  
MAKE A TORREADOR  
OF ME!

IT SHALL  
BE DONE!



BUT JUST THEN . . .

CRASH!



TWICE TONIGHT... I HARP... YOU HAVE  
SAVED ME! FOR IF EVER A TORREADOR SHOULD  
CRUSH THESE WITHERED LIMBS, I WOULD NEVER  
AGAIN BE ABLE TO ASSUME HUMAN FORM!

NOW THEN...MY PROMISE! TAKE THESE GOLD PIECES, MANUEL. ENROLL IN THE BULLFIGHTER SCHOOL AT MAROCCO. I SHALL WATCH OVER YOU...



MANUEL WORKED HARD AT THE BULLFIGHTING SCHOOL BUT HE WAS ONLY THE SECOND BEST PUPIL.

LOOK -- A LETTER FROM HOWARD, THE PROMOTER. HE WANTS US TO SEND HIM A YOUNG TOREADOR!

WE SHALL SEND JULIO! WATCH HIM... HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH BRACE, SUCH COURAGE IN ONE SO YOUNG?



AT THAT MOMENT, AN OLD CRONE APPEARED AT THE PRACTICE RING. AN OLD CRONE WEARING DARK GLASSES TO HIDE THE SPILLS IN HER EYES.

IF JULIO DIES, THEY WILL SEND MANUEL! SO JULIO MUST DIE!



THE BULL THUNDERED TOWARD THE GRACEFUL JULIO, DRAWN AT A PERFECT ANGLE BY THE FLUTTERING RED CAPE!



BUT SUDDENLY...

AAARRGH!



B-BUT THE BULL WAS FOLLOWING THE CAPE BEAUTIFULLY! WHY SHOULD HE HAVE SWERVED IN SUDDENLY...?

POOR JULIO -- HE WOULD HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY WHEN WE TOLD HIM ABOUT HOWARD! FOR MANUEL WILL HAVE TO GO...



YOU HAVE DONE YOUR WORK WELL, SCINES OF DARKNESS!

AND SO MANUEL WAS APPRENTICED TO HOWARD!

HOWE THE NEW BOY--THE ONE CALLED MANUEL?

A BIT GLUM-- BUT THE BULLS NEVER TOUCH HIM!



HAD MARCELO BEEN AN ORDINARY TOREADOR, HE WOULD HAVE DIED A HUNDRED TIMES IN THE NEXT DOZEN YEARS, BUT THE UNDER WITCH KEPT WATCHING OVER HIM... KEPT INTERFERING WHEN THE HORNS BRAZED TOO CLOSE! AND WITH THE PASSING OF EACH YEAR, MARCELO GAINED CONFIDENCE AND SKILL, TILL AT LAST THE PEOPLE CAME TO ADORE HIM!



HE WAS PETED WHEREVER HE WENT? DONS SHOWERED HIM WITH GIFTS? SENORITAS THREW THEMSELVES AT HIS FEET AND IT ALSO CAME TO PASS THAT MARCELO'S HEAD SMELLED LARGER AND LARGER...

BRAYO, MARCELO! YOU WERE SUPERS YOUTH!

AND WHEN AM I NOT SUPERS POOL?



THEN ONE NIGHT...

MARCELO, I NEED YOU...

WHO DARES DISTURB THE SLEEP OF THE GREAT MARCELO??



BUT I DON'T NEED YOU ANY MORE! GET OUT!

GET OUT...?? IF NOT FOR ME, YOU WOULD STILL BE BACK AT BERRICA! IF NOT FOR ME, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN YOSSED AND TRAMPLED AND SORED A HUNDRED TIMES! YOU DOUNT MY POWER...? WATCH!!



T-TELL THEM TO LET ME DOWN! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

MISERABLE WRETCH! I GROW OLD... I NEED MORE BLOOD!



THE OLD WITCH WILL PAY FOR MAKING THE GREAT MANUEL CRIBSE! I WILL MEET HER AT THE CEMETERY TOMORROW... BUT NOT WITH THE BLOOD!



That night...

MANUEL! MANUEL!  
WHERE ARE YOU...?

OVER HERE!



THE WITCH CAME HOME LATE EARLY! WHEN SHE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH, MANUEL PUSHED THE OLD WITCH'S TOMBSTONE WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.



SHE THOUGHT I HAD FORGOTTEN WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CEMETERY AT GUERNICA! HOW THE FALLING TOMBSTONE LEFT HER TREMBLING WITH FEAR...!



IT WAS NOT LONG AFTERWARD THAT THE GREAT MANUEL HEARD OF THE BULL OF MADRID.

MAKING BEAST! ALREADY HE HAD HEARD FOUR OF SPAIN'S BEST BULLFIGHTERS

TO DEATH!

EVERYONE FEARS

HIM! THE MADRID

PROMOTER WILL HAVE TO

SEND HIM TO THE SLAUGHTER

HOUSE—THAT IS THE ONLY

WAY HE WILL DIE!



FOOL!  
THERE IS NO BULL IN ALL SPAIN THAT THE GREAT MANUEL CANNOT KILL! SEND A LETTER TO THE MADRID PROMOTER TO SAVE HIM FOR ME!!



THE PROMOTER WENT WILD WITH JOE! MANUEL'S OFFER WAS JUST WHAT HE HAD HOPED FOR! SO THE BULL WAS SAID'S... AND WHEN THE DAY OF THE FIGHT CAME, THE GRANDSTANDS WERE FILLED TO OVERFLOWING...



AFTER TODAY, SPAIN WILL BELONG TO ME! EVEN THE KING'S DAUGHTER WILL BE MINE FOR THE ASKING!



MANUEL DROPPED HIS RED CAP WITH CONSUMMATE GRACE. MANUEL BARED HIS BLEATING SWORD. MANUEL SAILED AS THE BULL CHARGED...

ON TOP OF THAT, MANUEL WHISTED, HIS BODY ARCHING, HIS SWORD READY. CLOSER. THUNDERED THE BULL... CLOSER... CLOSER...

NONE OF THE SPECTATORS COULD EVER EXPLAIN AFTERWARDS WHAT HAPPENED NEXT...

NONE OF THEM COULD EVER UNDERSTAND WHY THE GREAT MANUEL SHOULD HAVE CRUMPLED WITH FEAR A MOMENT BEFORE THE BORN SOB IN...



THE WITCH HAD RETURNED AFTER ALL! NOT IN HUMAN FORM, BECAUSE THE FALLING TORRISTONE HAD MADE THAT IMPOSSIBLE! SHE HAD RETURNED AS THE TERRIBLE BULL OF MARRI!!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!!

AND SO ENDS THE OLD SPANISH FOLK TALE THAT TELLS HOW ONE MANUEL RODRIGUEZ, A BURGUESAN PEASANT, MET HIS DEATH IN A STRANGE AND AWESOME MANNER.



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 RITA BARON, Editor, *Web of Mystery*, 100 West 42nd St., New York 18, N.Y.

Free copy

# TRUE TALES of UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

In a stronghold in the cellar of the London Museum is a mummy case that is permanently sealed and secluded. The weird events leading to the exile of this valuable object began when the mummy was discovered and brought to the museum in 1912. On the first night of its arrival at the museum, a guard paused to view the coffin.



The next morning, the museum authorities saw the results of the macabre night.



The authorities were dumbfounded! They decided to perform an unorthodox experiment. They found a man who looked like the dead guard and brought him to the museum that night. At the stroke of midnight...



The cabinet cracked open and the embalmed figure, centuries old, lunged forward.



Upon closer examination of the coffin, they found a tablet when they translated it.

It tells of a murder centuries past and the vow of the slain man to revenge his death. This mummy is the murdered man! And here is a drawing of the killer!

NOTICE HOW MUCH IT RESEMBLES THE MUSEUM GUARD!



With tremendous effort, the mummy was forced back into its coffin. The cabinet was then sealed and stored under lock and key in the museum cellar. Never to be put on public display again. This story remains a baffling tale in the annals of the supernatural!

THE END

YOU WON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF THIS, BUT IT'S ABSOLUTELY TRUE! IT'S NOT THE WIND, THE RUSTLING OF LEAVES, OR YOUR IMAGINATION. I'M REAL, ALIVE, A HUMAN SOUL SHUT AWAY IN A TWISTED PRISON OF MY OWN MAKING. I CRY OUT FOR FREEDOM, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR. HELP ME! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

# the Oozing Horror



SCREEE LOOK!  
THAT THING  
ISSING FROM  
THE CAR!  
AAAAAH!  
GET ME AWAY  
FROM HERE!

BY HEAVEN'S,  
IT'S INHUMAN!  
AN OODING  
HORROR!

EEEEEE!

LOOK AT ME CLOSELY! CAN'T YOU SEE A HUMAN RESEMBLANCE? I'M NOT A TREE... NOISE! LISTEN...

OOOOOWW!  
WOODAAAA!

THAT TREE FRIGHTENS ME...  
IT SOUNDS AS IF IT WERE TRY-  
ING TO TELL  
US SOMETHING.  
HARRY?

NONSENSE? IT'S  
ONLY THE WIND!

WHAT'S THE USE? A HUNDRED TIMES A DAY I CRY  
OUT TO EVERY PASSERBY, BUT NOBODY WANTS TO  
HEAR MY STORY...

AAAAAA!  
OOOOWWR!

I'VE NEVER  
HEARD THE  
WIND MAKE  
HOUSES LIKE  
THAT IT SENDS  
SHIVERS DOWN  
MY SPINE.

EVER SINCE  
THAT LUNATIC CHEMIST  
ESCAPED THE POLICE,  
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN  
SEEING HIM BEHIND  
EVERY BUSH I STILL  
THINK IT'S A  
HOAX MADE UP

BY SOME  
REPORTER!  
ANYHOW IF  
YOU'RE SCARED,  
LET'S LEAVE!

IT WASN'T A HOAX, BUT A STORY SO STRANGE THAT NO ONE WOULD CREDIT IT. IT ALL STARTED IN MY LABORATORY WORKING UP TEN MONTHS AGO...

HOW MANY MORE HOURS ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND IN THIS STENCH HOLE, ROY? YOU'VE BEEN AT IT ALL DAY ALREADY!

AS LONG AS IT TAKES, DORIS! I BELIEVE I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK WITH THIS NEW FORMULA!



YOU'VE SAID THAT FOR TEN YEARS, WORKING ON YOUR STUPID EXPERIMENTS THAT NEVER PAY OFF! WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT AND GET A JOB!

EASY NOW, DORIS, THERE'S A DELICATE APPARATUS ON THAT TABLE! JUST GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME TO PROVE MYSELF!



BUT DORIS WOULDN'T LISTEN. HER EARL GREW UNTIL...

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOUR WORK, YOU EXCUSE FOR A HUSBAND!

NO, DORIS! DON'T!



YOU MISERABLE SHREW... YOU LIPS-IN-MOUTHED IMBECILE! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! ALL MY PRECIOUS WORK RUINED! I OUGHT TO —

I'M NOT FURNISHED WITH THIS YET! I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S AN IMBECILE!



THEN, AS SHE THREW THE WITHOLD CONTENTS OF THE BENCH AT ME

HERE, I HOPE THIS BATH PUTS SOME SENSE IN YOUR — ROY! WHAT HAPPENED?



FOR A MOMENT EVERY CELL IN MY BODY WAS A BUBBLING MASS OF PAIN WHEN THE AIR CLEARED...

ROY! I—I DIDN'T MEAN TO—I'M SORRY! LET ME GET A DOCTOR! YOU LOOK JUST AWFUL!

YES! I CAN SEE MYSELF IN THE MIRROR DISFIGURED... SEMI-HUMAN? A FREAK? THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME, DORIS! AND YOU SHALL PAY FOR IT!



NO, NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T COME NEAR ME!

THIS WILL BE YOUR TOMB! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE ME!



HE'S GONE...DISAPPEARED AS IF HE'D BEEN SWALLOWED UP! NOW I CAN GET OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE PLACE AND NEVER COME BACK!



*But I had only disappeared momentarily. In those seconds I discovered that my body had developed a strange and terrible power.*

EEAAAH! NOY... LET ME GO! LET ME — AAAAARRRR!



MY BODY HAS BECOME A FLUID THING, ABLE TO BLEND AT WILL WITH ANY MATERIAL I WANT! NOW MY HANDS WILL BLEND WITH YOUR THROAT — AA NAA! — UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD!

DOOR! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THE NEIGHBORS ARE COMING! I WON'T BE FOUND HERE BY THEM! IT'S TOO LATE TO LEAVE... THEY'RE ALMOST AT THE DOOR!



SHE — SHE'S DEAD, PAUL! NOY MUST HAVE DONE THIS! THEY WERE ALWAYS FIGHTING!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AND CALL THE POLICE! I DON'T WANT TO BE HERE IF THAT MARION RETURNS!



*When I could no longer hear their attracting footsteps...*

NOW I'LL BE A HURTED CRIMINAL... I CAN'T STAY HERE ANYMORE! I MUST FIND ANOTHER LAB WHERE I CAN WORK TO RESTORE MYSELF TO HUMAN FORM!



*I barely had time to grab some clothes and escape when the police arrived.*

IT'S RIGHT THIS WAY, OFFICER! SHE'S STRANDED, RIGHT IN HIS WORKSHOP!



TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T SEE WHERE VICKERS WENT, BUT WE'LL FIND HIM!

GGWWW — GRRR — IT'S HARD TO PULL AWAY FROM MATERIALS ONCE I MERGE FOR A LENGTH OF TIME. I'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT FOR MY OWN SAFETY! GGWWW, THE PRESSURE ON MY BONES IS TERRIFIC!



THE FOOLS! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME! WITH MY SUPER-HUMAN POWERS OF FUSION I HAVE A MILLION HIDING PLACES. LET THEM TURN EVERY STONE IN THE CITY, TEAR DOWN EVERY WALL! I'LL OUTWIT THEM UNTIL I GET BACK MY HUMAN FORM!



A FEW DAYS LATER, UNOFF AN ALIAS, I APPLIED FOR A JOB AS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD MY PHYSICAL RESTORATION . . .

YES, WE NEED A PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, MR. HARRIS, BUT FRANKLY—ER—YOUR APPEARANCE, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER—

I CAN'T HELP MY APPEARANCE, MR. LAWRENCE! A TERRIBLE AUTO-MOBILE ACCIDENT DISFIGURED ME. BUT THAT DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH MY WORK! I'M AN EXCELLENT CHEMIST!



YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. HARRIS. YOUR ABILITIES SHOULD BE MY ONLY CONSIDERATION. I'LL SHOW YOU TO YOUR LAB AND YOU CAN START WORK TODAY.

THANK YOU, MR. LAWRENCE. YOU WON'T REGRET YOUR DECISION!



FOR A WEEK, I TURNED OUT THEIR PILLS AND POWDERS, BUT IN MY SPARE TIME . . .

ALL I NEED IS A FEW MORE CHEMICALS! THEN MY FORMULA WILL BE COMPLETE AND I CAN CRAB OUT OF THIS LOATHSOME BODY OF MINE!



BUT THE SMOOTH PATH TO MY RESTORATION TOOK A SUDDEN ROUGH TURN . . .

HARRIS, WHAT THE DEVIL HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU? YOUR WORK HAS FALLEN OFF, AND NOW I SEE THIS ORDER BLANK—MERCUREN, ISIFORM, URANIC ISOGOM, PTOLEMOGRAND—THE STRANGEST CHEMICALS I'VE EVER

HEARD OF! YOU DON'T NEED THESE IN YOUR WORK!

ER—I'M WORKING ON A NEW DRUG! MAKE MILLIONS FOR YOUR COMPANY!



AND WHAT'S THIS WEIRD SET-UP YOU'RE WORKING ON? YOU'VE GOT A NERVE DOING YOUR RESEARCH ON MY TIME! I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO—

DON'T TOUCH IT, MR. LAWRENCE. I WARN YOU!



YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN, YOU MEDDLING FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER INTERFERE WITH MY WORK AGAIN, WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU!

NO, HARRIS . . . I DIDN'T MEAN TO— THERE'S AN INSEAN SLEAM IN YOUR EYES! PLEASE! NO! DON'T!



**IN A FEW MOMENTS HIS GUNNERY CEASED, BUT NOW I HAD A COPPER ON MY HANDS AND THERE WAS SOMEONE AT THE DOOR...**

**WHAT AN UNLucky MESE! I'LL HAVE TO ACT QUICKLY. THEY WANT LAWRENCE AND I'LL HAVE TO PRODUCE HIM. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... SEND ME LAWRENCE BY PUSHING WITH HIS BODY!**



**WHEN THE DOOR OPENED...**

**WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, LAWRENCE? YOU LOOK SICK! AND WHERE'S THAT NEW CHEMIST YOU HIRED? WE WANTED TO TALK TO HIM.**

**ER — I JUST FIRED HIM! WE HAD AN ARGUMENT ABOUT HIS WORK AND I ORDERED HIM OUT OF THE LAB. I DON'T FEEL SO WELL... I SOME CHEMICALS HE WAS USING UPSET ME! IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL TAKE THE REST OF THE DAY OFF!**



**I'VE NEVER SEEN LAWRENCE BEHAVE LIKE THAT! HE LOOKS VERY SUSPICIOUS! WHAT DID HAPPEN TO THE NEW CHEMIST? NOBODY SAW HIM LEAVE!**

**DID YOU SEE HIS FACE? I'M SURE HE'S HIDING SOMETHING FROM US! I'M GOING TO PHONE THE POLICE TO FOLLOW HIM!**



**I HAD THE FEELING I WAS BEING FOLLOWED BUT I COULDN'T GO TO LAWRENCE'S HOME, AND I HAD TO DROP HIS BODY BEFORE IT BECAME AN INTEGRAL PART OF ME...**

**I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER! I DON'T WANT TO BECOME LAWRENCE OR CARRY HIS DEAD BODY AROUND WITH ME FOREVER. I'LL DROP HIM IN THIS ALLEY!**



**JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MISTER! WE'RE POLICE! DON'T MOVE! WE WANT TO LOOK AT THAT BODY LYING THERE!**

**YOU'RE MISTAKEN! THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT ME!**



**I REALIZED THAT ONLY A SEPARATE SAMPLE COULD HELP ME.**

**OUT OF MY WAY! UMM...! YOUR BULLETS CAN'T HARM ME!**

**STOP HIM! HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE! SHOOT HIM!**



**NOTHING AROUND TO HIDE ME! ONLY THAT MOVING CAR! I'LL HAVE TO MERGE WITH IT... MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE FAST!**



HE'S GONE!  
SWALLOWED UP!  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND IT!

BUT HOW DID LAWRENCE'S BODY  
GET HERE? I DIDN'T SEE  
THAT—THAT THING DRAG IT IN!  
LET'S REPORT BACK  
TO THE STATION!



MEANWHILE I PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN MYSELF AND  
THE POLICE, BUT I COULDN'T REMAIN FUSED TO THE  
CAR FOR LONG...

THEY'VE STOPPED FOR A RED LIGHT. I'VE GOT TO  
RISK BEING SEEN! I CAN'T STAY FUSED TO THIS CAR!  
UNGH/OOWW!  
IT'S BEEN TOO LONG ALREADY.  
THE METAL'S TEARING AT  
MY BODY!



YIII!  
LOOK AT THAT  
THING OODING  
OUT OF THE CAR!

THAT'S IT! RUN, YOU STUPID SHEEP!  
GET OUT OF MY WAY! I'M THE THING!  
THE CRAWLING OODING TERROR! THE  
THE LATEST HORROR HEADLINE!  
GAAAA!

GAAAA!



Using every darkened  
alleyway and side street,  
I MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE  
MONSTER LAB ON NINETEEN-  
SEVENTH STREET. . .

THE POLICE ARE PROBABLY  
ALL OUT SCOURING THE TOWN  
FOR ME! THIS WILL GIVE ME  
A CHANCE TO COMPLETE MY  
EXPERIMENT UNDISTURBED!



I WON'T SURRENDER  
FRANKLY...

ANOTHER  
FIVE MINUTES UNTIL THE  
SOLUTION COMES TO A BOIL!  
THEN I'LL BE FREE OF THIS  
UGLY SHELL! THEY'LL NEVER  
THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME  
IN MY  
NORMAL SHAPE!



SURELY, AS I MADE FINAL PREPARATIONS FOR  
THE FINAL TEST. . .

ALL RIGHT, HARRIS! THIS  
TIME YOU'RE A DEAD  
DUCK! MAKE ONE MOVE  
AND WE'LL RIDDLE  
YOUR UGLY BODY!

NO! NO! LET ME  
FINISH MY EXPERIMENT  
DON'T STOP ME NOW!  
I'LL BURN YOUR EYES  
OUT WITH THIS TRITOL!



LOOK OUT! DON'T LET  
HIM GET AWAY!  
SHOOT TO KILL!

AAAAA! you've  
DESTROYED MY SOLUTION!  
RUINED MY CHANCES OF  
BECOMING A HUMAN BEING  
AGAIN!





*Now ONLY FLIGHT WAS POSSIBLE...*

HE'S SOMEWHERE IN THIS ROOM!  
THE CHIEF SAID HE COULD BE PART  
OF ANYTHING! KEEP YOUR EYES  
PEELED!

YEAH THAT  
CRAZY POWER  
HE HAS MAKES  
HIM ALMOST  
IMPOSSIBLE TO  
SPOT!



THERE HE GOES,  
HEADS FOR THE  
STAIRS!

HOLY COW! HE CAME RIGHT  
OUT OF THE DESK! AFTER  
HIM!



(PANT)... MORE POLICE COMING! I'LL NEVER  
GET AWAY FROM HERE UNLESS—THAT TREE!  
I COULD FUSE MYSELF WITH THAT TREE UNTIL  
THEY GO AWAY!



*I WATCHED WITH GROWING TERROR FROM MY BARN-  
ENVELOPED HIDEOUT AS A TIGHT ARMS MAN DROVE  
ABOUT THE BUILDING...*

HARRIS IS SOMEWHERE WITHIN  
THIS SMALL AREA! WE HAVE HIM  
TRAPPED! HE'S GOT TO SHOW!  
WE'LL HOLD THIS FORMATION  
UNTIL DAWN  
IF NECESSARY!

OH NO! I CAN'T  
STAY HERE THAT  
LONG...! BUT I  
CAN'T LEAVE MY  
HIDEING PLACE  
EITHER!



*The tight, armed circle stood  
barricaded UNTIL THE SUN ROSE...*

I GUESS HARRIS  
MANAGED TO  
ESCAPE AFTER  
ALL! WE'LL  
SEND OUT A  
CITY-WIDE  
DRAFT TO  
HUNT HIM  
DOWN!

AT LAST! NOW  
I MUST TEAR  
LOOSE FROM  
THIS TREE AND  
FIND ANOTHER  
WAY TO COMPLETE  
MY EXPERIMENT!



*I STRAINED EVERY MUSCLE,  
EVERY CELL IN MY BODY TO RIP  
LOOSE FROM THE ROOTS WHICH  
HELD ME...*

UUGH! AUGH!

(PANT)... I CAN'T TEAR AWAY!  
I STAYED TOO LONG! MY BODY  
HAS FUSED WITH THE TREE! I'M  
NO LONGER HAY HARRIS! I'M A  
TREE... A TRUSTED OLD TREE  
ON NINETY-SEVENTH STREET!



*I WATCH THE SEASONS COME AND  
GO, NEVER GIVING UP HOPE THAT  
ONE DAY SOMEONE WILL LISTEN  
TO ME, THAT SOMEONE  
WILL FREE ME...*



# TRUE TALES of UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY

40-42

*In 1875, two artists shared a studio in Paris. Martin was a sculptor of beautiful objects but he himself was ugly and deformed. His friend Peter was tall and handsome, and Martin was very envious of him. In desperation, Martin turned to the forbidden secrets of witchcraft.*



MARTIN, THESE BOOKS CAN ONLY BRING YOU TROUBLE! WHY DO YOU READ THEM?

YOU— YOU'RE HANDSOME! YOU ATTRACT WOMEN! I AM UGLY . . . MISERABLE! I MUST FIND A REMEDY TO MY MISFORTUNE!



MARTIN ASSUMED THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE FEARFUL VOLUMES AND IN A WEEK HE WAS READY FOR AN EXPERIMENT.

I FORM A STATUE OF CLAY OF THE MAN I WISH TO RESEMBLE . . . PETER! BY MOLDING HIS FEATURES INTO MINE, I WILL ASSUME HIS! FIRST THE BODY . . . I'LL MAKE IT SMALL AND CROOKED.

*Suddenly, Martin's body began to change! His bones straightened and grew! When he went to show Peter the results of his witchcraft . . .*



MARTIN! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME . . . ? MY BODY— IT HAS BECOME DEFORMED!

HA HA HA! I HAVE SUCCEEDED! I WILL BE HANDSOME!



*The next night . . .*

NOW I AM READY FOR THE NEXT STEP! I WILL MAKE PETER'S FACE UGLY, AND MAKE GOOD-LOOKING!



SUCCESS! I HAVE CHANGED MY FEATURES! NOW TO SHOW PETER! A AAAH! . . . I'M FALLING! THE STATUE . . . I'VE SHIPPED! IT'S HEAD OFF! . . . AAAARRGGHHH!

*The terrified scream brought neighbors to the street. They found the statue, and when its head lay near the body of Martin! The horrible scene further unfolded and they found that Martin was mysteriously decapitated!*

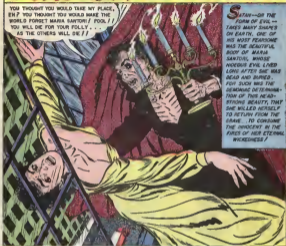


*This awesome adventure into the realm of supernatural remains an unexplained mystery!*

# LONG ARM OF THE UNDEAD

YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD TAKE MY PLACE, EN? YOU THOUGHT YOU WOULD MAKE THE WORLD FORGET MARIA SANTONI? FOOL! YOU WILL DIE FOR YOUR FOLLY... AS THE OTHERS WILL DIE!!

**SATAN**—OF THE FORM OF EVIL—TAKES MANY SHAPES ON EARTH. ONE OF HIS MOST FEARFUL WAS THE BEAUTIFUL BODY OF MARIA SANTONI, WHOSE NICHEFUL EVIL LIVED LONG AFTER SHE WAS DEAD AND BURIED. FOR SUCH WAS THE DEMANDIC DIFFERENCE OF THIS HEADSTRONG BEAUTY, THAT SHE WILLED HERSELF TO RETURN FROM THE GRAVE... TO CONSUME THE INNOCENT IN THE FIRES OF HER ETERNAL WICKEDNESS!



IN THE ITALIAN FILM WORLD, NO STAR SHONE BRIGHTER AND HIGHER THAN AN EGOTISTICAL, AUTOLESS GUY WHO WAS SCORCHED, FOUGHT, AND BACK-STRAPPED HER WAY TO THE TOP—MARIA SANTONI... EXPLOSIVE, GLASSPOUS FILM QUEEN!!



**SHE** BURNING SANTONI HAD ALWAYS GOTTEN WHATEVER SHE WANTED, SHE WASN'T ACCUSTOMED TO REJECTION—ESPECIALLY BY MEN.

MARIA, PLEASE, YOU ASKED ME INTO YOUR DRESSING ROOM TO EXPRESS YOUR DISSATISFACTION WITH THE SCRIPT—

I'M DISSATISFIED WITH YOU, DINO. YOU ASKED ME AS IF I WERE A LEPER? WHAT KIND OF HUSBAND WILL YOU MAKE WHEN YOU ARE SO INDIFFERENT TO ME NOW?



I HAVE NO INTENTION OF BEING YOUR HUSBAND, MARIA. I ADMIRE YOU AS AN ACTRESS, BUT I DO NOT LOVE YOU. YOU MUST THINK OF ME ONLY AS YOUR DIRECTOR.

VERY WELL, GINO. I'LL STOP MAKING A FOOL OF MYSELF. COME, I'LL DRIVE YOU BACK TO TOWN! YOU CAN'T BE AFRAID OF THAT!



CRASH! M-MARIA... / LOOK OUT! Y-YOU'RE TURNING OFF THE ROAD...! / MARIA!

I-I'VE LOST CONTROL (MARRA) GINO-----

MARIA BARTONI HAS NO INTENTION OF GIVING UP WHAT SHE WANTED. SHE STARTED SPEEDING ALONG THE HIGHWAY AT EMPTY WHEELS AN HOUR

S-SLOW DOWN, MARIA! HAVE YOU SOME CRAZY?!

YES! ABOUT YOU! IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, I'LL KILL US BOTH! I'LL DRIVE OVER A CLIFF! BUT YOU LOVE ME! SAY YOU'LL MARRY ME...! I WASH YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, GINO! MARRY ME...OR WE DIE!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED, THEY FOUND THAT MARIA'S VIEW TO KILL TWO PEOPLE WAS ONLY HALF FUL FILLED ...

SHE'S DEAD NOW! IT HAPPENED INSTANTLY?

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT. SHE GOT RECKLESS. THE CAR SUDDENLY WENT OUT OF CONTROL.

POOR MARIA! THE FIRST TIME SHE DIDN'T GET WHAT SHE WANTED... SHE DESTROYED HERSELF!



MARIA BARTONI'S DEATH CAME AS A GREAT SHOCK TO THE MOVIE INDUSTRY - PARTICULARLY TOWNS PRODUCERS, WHOSE PICTURE NOW REMAINED ONLY HALF FINISHED ...

IT'S MARRIET A BARRONING "THE FLAME OF EVIL"! WE'VE BUNK A FORTUNE INTO IT! WE'VE GOT TO RECAP!

FORGET IT, BENTLEMAN! "THE FLAME OF EVIL" WAS CREATED FOR ONE WOMAN ONLY. MARIA IS DEAD! THE PICTURE MUST DIE WITH HER!



HOLD ON WE HAVE A PLAN, WE WILL CREATE ANOTHER -- A NEW -- MARIA BARTONI BY SELECTING ANOTHER ACTRESS TO FINISH HER PICTURE!

A BIG BUILD-UP CAMPAIGN AND THE CONTEST WINNER CAN GO ON TO A CAREER OF HER OWN. AN IMITATOR OF MARIA BARTONI OR RATHER... THE NEW MARIA BARTONI!



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE CAN NEVER BE ANOTHER MARIA SANTONI! THE PICTURE WILL TURN OUT A FAILURE!

LET US WORRY ABOUT THAT, DINO WE'VE PAID THE BILLS. THE SEARCH FOR A SUCCESSOR TO MARIA SANTONI WILL BEGIN IMMEDIATELY!



SO THE COUNTRY-WIDE BANTEST BEGAN GIRLS CAME FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE LAND TO BE SCREEN-TESTED.

TRY THAT GIRL... SECOND FROM THE LEFT. SCREEN-TEST HER, BING.

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. IT WON'T TURN OUT RIGHT.

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT LATER. TEST HER NOW!



THERE WERE A HUNDRED TESTS, A HUNDRED GIRLS, A HUNDRED FAILURES! THEN ONE GIRL WAS SELECTED AS SHE BEGAN THE WITCH-DRAFT SCENE ON HER FIRST DAY OF WORK...

YOU FOOL! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD TAKE MY PLACE??

W-WHO SAID THAT...? WHERE ARE YOU...?



YOU'LL FIT THE PART IN EVERY SENSE! YOU BURNED TO TAKE MY PLACE! NOW YOU ARE THE FLAME OF EVIL!

W-WHO? YAAAAA!

SOMEONE LOUDED! WHAT IS IT??



THE GIRL'S COSTUME IS ON FIRE! (GASP!) GET A BLANKET AROUND AROUND HER! QUICK!

WAAAA!

THE HAND! IT CAME AT ME! THE HAND! YAAAAA!

IT'S NO USE! WE CAN'T GET NEAR HER! SHE'S A GORER!

SHE SAID A HAND CAME AT HER! WHOSE HAND COULD IT HAVE BEEN?



YOU'RE DREAMING! THEN HOW THE GIRL DIDN'T KNOW WHAT SHE WAS SAYING! THERE WAS NO HAND!

THEN HOW WAS HER COSTUME BURNED? SOMEBODY MUST'VE SET IT ON FIRE! SOMEBODY ENVIABLE!



*That night, at the studio...*

YOUR TALK OF GHOSTS IS NONSENSE, DINO! KEEP UP THIS TALK AND YOU'LL WIND UP IN AN ASYLUM!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW MARIA! SHE'D STOP AT NOTHING IN LIFE! WHY SHOULD BEATR STOP HER?? THIS SCREEN-TESTING, THIS CONTEST IS MADNESS! SHE WILL DESTROY ALL WHO TRY TO TAKE HER PLACE!

MADNESS OR NOT, THE CONTEST GOES ON, DINO! YOU WILL LOOK FOR A "NEW" MARIA SARTORI STARTING TOMORROW MORNING!



*And so a week later, another girl won the chance to become the "new"*

*MARIA SARTORI...*

IT IS ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU SIGNORINA, YOUR PREDECESSOR MET A STRANGE DEATH.

HER MIS-FORTUNE IS MY GOOD FORTUNE, I AM NOT SUPERSTITIOUS... ONLY FULL OF JOY

EXCELLENT! GO HOME AND STUDY YOUR PART! PUT YOUR MIND AT EASE!



*But that night, as the fortunate, joyous girl walked up and down her apartment...*

DO YOU WOULD TAKE THE PLACE OF MARIA SARTORI? YOU WOULD DARE FOR A DEAD WOMAN'S ALLURE? LEAVE HER BEAUTY? CLAIM HER FAME??

W-WHO'S THERE?? WHO'S SPEAKING??



YOU CAN'T RECOGNIZE THE VOICE?? YOU CAN'T REMEMBER THE FACE OF MARIA SARTORI?? SWINDLER! IMPOSTOR! YOU WILL NOT LIVE TO SPEAK MY LINES!

W-WHO? NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



IMPOSSIBLE??— THAT'S RETURN FROM THE DEAD?? FOOL! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO TAKE MY PLACE!!

GAASP! I-STAY AWAY...!



THERE IS ONLY ONE MARIA SARTORI! ANYONE TRADING ON MY BEAUTY OR MY NAME— ANY IMITATOR— WILL DIE!!



DEATH CANNOT STOP ME! DEATH CANNOT CHEAT ME OF THE THINGS I WANT! I SHALL HAVE THEM IN DEATH AS EASILY AS I HAD THEM IN LIFE!!



A HALF HOUR LATER, IN THE STREET BELOW

IT WAS A STRANGE THING, SIGNOR TERTA. AS SHE LAY DYING ON THE PAVEMENT, SHE KEPT MOANING THAT A GHOST HAD VISITED HER! THE GHOST OF MARIA SARTORI!

THE GIRL MUST'VE BEEN DELIRIOUS! THERE ARE NO GHOSTS!



IT WAS NO DELIRIUM! I'M SURE OF IT! THIS WOMAN WAS EVIL, PERSONIFIED! EVIL IN LIFE... AND EVIL IN DEATH! HEAVEN HELP ALL OF US!



WITH THE FLAME OF EVIL WAS REGARDED AS A JUNK PICTURE. FOR TRAGEDY REPELL ALL THOSE WHO DON'T TO SUPPLANT THE DEAD MOVIE QUEEN

YOU'VE RUINED US, DINO! AFTER YOUR TALK ABOUT GHOSTS AND EVIL... NO GIRL WILL APPLY!

THERE'S A NEW GIRL OUTSIDE, SIGNOR TERTA. SHE WANTS A SCREEN TEST!

SHE MUST BE AN GHOST! TELL HER TO GO AWAY! BESIDES, I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT



YOUR APPOINTMENT CAN WAIT, SIGNOR TERTA. I CANNOT THE PICTURE CANNOT. I WAS BORN—MAY, BESTIEST—FOR THIS ROLE!

(GASP) IT FRIGHTENS ME, SIGNORS! IT IS NOT NATURAL!  
O—SHE IS MARIA SARTORI TO THE LIFE!



MONSENSE! BELIEVE YOUR EYES! I AM VERY MUCH LIKE THE ONE YOU LOSE! VOICE, FIGURE, MANNER, ACTING... ALL IDENTICAL! YOU NEEDN'T CHANGE A COSTUME! JUST LET THE CAMERAS ROLL, EN?

(GASP!) I—I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! DINO? WHAT DO YOU SAY?



SOMETHING EVIL—SOMETHING I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IS HAPPENING! FOR ONE THING, AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF THE JUNK, SIGNORINA?

I FEAR NOTHING, SIGNOR. NOT IN THIS WORLD. NOT IN THE NEXT.

SHE EVEN THINKS LIKE MARIA! THIS IS A MIRACLE!



ON THE OPPOSITE OF A MIRACLE! MAYBE THIS IS A TRICK OF THE DEVIL! BUT DO WHAT YOU LIKE! I MUST MEET MY FLANCEE... AND I AM ALREADY LATE!



FLANCEE?! THE SIGNOR IS ENGAGED? WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN? I THOUGHT YOU LOVED MARIA SARTORI!

MARIA ONLY CREATED SCOSOP AND PUBLICITY TO EMBARRASS ME INTO MARRYING HER. SHE FAILED.



MARIA SARTORI NEVER FAILS! WHY ELSE DO DESTINY SEND ME TO TAKE HER PLACE?!

ENOUGH TALK! WE MUST GET TO WORK... AT ONCE!

AND SO THE PLANS OF "THE FLAME OF EVIL" WENT ON. THE NEW GIRL ACTED LIKE THE DEAD STAR IN EVERY RESPECT! THE PROCEEDS WERE OVERLOOKED. THE PUBLIC WAS EXCITED. BUT ONE MAN REMAINED UNIMPRESSED.

THIS MAN WAS OLD VITO, WHO HAD RUN THE STUDIO. OLD VITO'S IDEAL WAS MARIA SARTORI. HE HAD THE IDEA OF CREATING A NEW MARIA. IT DEPENDED ON HIS MEMORY! AND SO, ONE DAY...

VITO! WE'RE WAITING FOR THAT CUP OF PHOSPHORIC ACID IN THE POISON SCENE! WHAT TAKES YOU SO LONG? ALL WE NEED IS A LITTLE COLORED WATER!



I'M SORRY, SIGNOR. HERE IS THE CUP.

BUT WHEN VITO WAS ALONE AGAIN...

NOW THE IMPOSTOR WILL DIE! I PUT ENOUGH REAL STUFF IN THAT CUP TO KILL A DOZEN WOMEN! BUT I SAVED ENOUGH FOR MYSELF! I WILL NO LONGER LIVE WHEN MY IDEAL IS DEAD!



BUT A HALF HOUR LATER, ON THE SET...

ALL RIGHT—OUT! CAST DISMISSED UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING!... DARLING, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE PICTURE?!



IT'S WONDERFUL! THE NEW MARIA SARTORI IS EVEN MORE EXCITING THAN THE OLD ONE! SHE'S VERY SWEET, TOO SHE SAID SHE WOULD DRIVE ME HOME.

YOU DON'T MIND, DINO? HER PLACE IS RIGHT ALONG THE WAY TO MINE.

I DO MIND!... YOU WILL WAIT AN HOUR, ANNA. I WILL TAKE YOU HOME MYSELF!

NONEWISE, DINO! I MUST LEAVE NOW! I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I MARVEL AT YOU, SHORONA. YOU ARE SO MUCH LIKE MARIA SARTORI. AND YET HOW COULD YOU BE? MARIA SARTORI IS DEAD.

TRUE, SHE DIED. BUT WHO KNOWS? MAYBE DINO IS RIGHT. MAYBE MARIA WAS EVIL ENOUGH TO COME BACK FROM THE DEAD!





TEN MINUTES LATER, ON THE SET, AS THE HISSING STONE HANDS BROUGHT IN A BRAND OLD MAN . . .

YTD TOOK POISON, SENOR TERTA. HE SAID HE PUT POISON IN THE GIRL'S CUP, TOO! ENOUGH TO KILL A DOZEN WOMEN!

HE LIES! NOTHING HAPPENED TO HER! SHE DROVE OFF WITH ANNA!



HOW CAN THAT BE?? I ONLY TOOK ONE TENTH OF THE DRAUGHT I PUT INTO HER CUP! SHE MUST BE DEAD, THAT FALSE THING! NO ONE CAN REPLACE THE TRUE MARIA SANTORI!

EXCEPT MARIA SANTORI HERSELF! (GASP!) TH-THAT'S IT! SHE IS MARIA SANTORI!



YOU TRIED TO DESTROY A WOMAN WHO IS ALREADY DEAD! HEAVEN HELP ANNA! SHE'S WITH HER NOW! AT THE MERCY OF A MANIACAL PHANTOM SEEKING REVENGE!

W-NO! NO! (GASP)... W-WHAT HAVE I DONE...? (GASPING!)



MEANWHILE ON A ROAD IN THE HILLS . . .

SORRY TO ALTER YOUR DESTINATION, MY GEAR. BUT ONLY I'LL SURVIVE!

W-WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT (GASP)! SLOW DOWN!



I WILL SAY YOU TRIED TO KILL ME . . . AS YOU KILLED THE OTHER TWO GIRLS—OUT OF JEALOUSY! THAT YOU WERE A JINX! BUT I WILL LIVE ON! NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT THAT THE NEW MARIA SANTORI IS A GHOST!

(GASP!) I—I MUST STOP YOU! I MUST!



BUT THE GHOSTS OF THE TWO GIRLS MARIA HAD DESTROYED, HAD NOT RESTED, AND NOW . . .

WE COME WITH A COMMAND FROM THE FIERY BEYOND! OUR WILL MUST BE OBEYED!



THE WORLD WILL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, MARIA SANTORI . . . IN ANY FORM! WICKEDNESS LIKE YOURS BELONGS ONLY IN THE ARMS OF THE DEVIL!

NOW YOU WILL BURN FOR ALL ETERNITY FOR YOUR EVIL CRIMES!

W-NO . . .! (GASPING!)



LATER, AT THE STUDIO . . .

SHE COULDN'T ESCAPE THEM! THEY DRAGGED HER INTO THE FIRES AND SHE WAS GONE! WILL SHE EVER RETURN AGAIN, DROPP?

NEVER! SHE HAS BEEN DEVOURED AS HER FILM IS NOW DEVOURED! THE FLAME OF EVIL IS NO MORE!



THE END

# DARK DESTINY

It was getting toward dusk when my train stopped for an hour at Cumberland on its nightly run from London to Glasgow. I clambered out of my seat and went outside to stretch my legs.

The air was filled with that fine crisp bite of English autumn, and I hugged my topcoat about me as I stood on the platform. It had been some twenty years since I had last set foot in Cumberland — and as I thought back to that other time, almost unwillingly my gaze turned in the direction of Collins Hall. I glanced hastily at my watch. There would be time to make it there and back.

As I traveled heavily in the direction of Collins Hall, I recollected back to that other time — that time twenty years ago when I had seen the Hall for the first and only time. It had been just about this time of evening and this time of year.

My thoughts had kept me fine company, and I had walked quite a ways. I could not determine whether I was going in the right direction, and I perceived a lank countryman coming down the road.

"Pardon," I hailed. "But is this the way to Collins Hall?" The fellow looked at me keenly. "Yes, just keep walking and you're sure to come to the clearing that leads to it."

I did, and shortly I came to the clearing that tapered down gently to the road that led to Collins Hall. I stood gazing off into the fast-gathering darkness that was covering Collins Hall over, and it was much as I remembered it. Twenty years had washed over the gabled roof and the fieldstone walls and left their mark. Collins Hall was now boarded up and hammered shut, desolate and lone, and yet somehow indefatigably proud-looking in its disuse.

The little, ancient man I'd talked to there must long have gone to his rest, I thought, and as though it were just yesterday, I heard him saying again, "When I'm dead and buried, and folks have clean forgotten what happened here at Collins Hall, they'll still be here, Gordi and Elsa, playing at their gentle love, for nothing can separate them, not death or any strange power, not even if this house fall to pieces with their love be gone. . . ."

That night twenty years ago, I had been hunting in Cumberland, and a driving rainstorm had come up. I'd run for shelter, and in the distance, I'd seen Collins' Hall. From that distance, it had seemed to me I could discern a light glimmering from

its windows. But to my surprise, when I approached, I found the entire dwelling dark, and with a deserted air.

At any rate, I decided to knock, and after several tries the door was opened by a little old man whom I should say was about eighty then.

A clap of thunder coincided with his appearance, and as we took stock of each other, I gasped, "I'm sorry to disturb you. But could you possibly put me up until the weather subsides?"

"Who, sure, now," he muttered. "Come in and dry off."

He led me into the living room and there turned on the light and lit the fire in the fireplace.

"I don't use this part of the house much," he said. "I spend most of my time in the back; my room's close by the kitchen."

I took in quickly his shabby appearance. It didn't seem possible that he was lord of the manor. But I put the question to him anyway.

"No," he said. "I don't own Collins Hall. I'm just the caretaker. That'll be my job as long as I live — Master Collins provided for that, in his will. Not that anyone else would take the job," he added with a shake of his head.

We sat silent for a while and I let the fire run the chill out from my blood. But finally when I was warm and dry again, my eyes roved around the huge, well-appointed room and then I saw it — the picture that hung upon the wall facing me. It was more than just seeing a painting, the emotion it had upon me. It hit me with the force of some living, breathing being who had been sitting there, watching me all this time. The caretaker had seen where my gaze was riveted, and I heard him cackle softly.

"You like it, don't you?" he asked.

"Who — who is it?" I breathed softly. "Who is this strange but beautiful, savage woman — and more important, who painted her?"

"It was the master's wife," he said. I heard him suck sharply upon his pipe, and I waited for the story that I knew was sure to follow, and then it did. . . .

Five years ago, Gordi Collins graduated out school and announced his intention of going to Tibet to paint for a while. It was while he was there that he met Maysa, a beautiful dark-haired native dancing girl to a café in the city.

Gordi fell in love with her immediately, and

she with him, and one night Gordi arrived at the café, determined to ask her to marry him. But a dark-skinned fellow—with the surmises of a mind reader—approached Gordi's table where he sat watching Maya sing.

"Do not think of taking her with you, invader of temples," he warned. "Maya comes of a noble race of priestesses, and when she becomes twenty-one, she must go to the temple of the priestesses and there pass her life in service to our gods."

"And what if she refuses?" Gordi asked. "Maya loves me, too, and she is free to make her choice."

"She has been a chosen one from birth," the man warned. "There is no way to circumvent the gods. Go now, before you cause unhappiness to you both."

With that the man turned and left, and Gordi was in an upset state until Maya finished her number and came to him. He told her of the man's warning and asked if it was true.

"Yes," she replied sadly. "I have known, but I hoped that we could somehow find happiness together."

"Maya," Gordi pleaded, "this is all superstitious nonsense. These ancient beliefs cannot affect us. Leave with me tomorrow. We will sail back to England, to my country, where you will be safe if any of your tribesmen should try to seek revenge for your loving me. We can be married aboard ship."

At last Gordi's arguments won her over, and early the next dawn, they stole away to the ship that would be sailing for England, and they were married on board.

Gordi Collins brought his bride here to Collins Hall. She was then eighteen, and the most beautiful girl anyone had ever seen. For the next three years their love was wonderful to behold, perfect, and everyone marveled at it. There was never a moment when they were not together, when they didn't seem to think and feel as one individual. And it was during that time that Gordi painted Maya's picture.

Gordi Collins painted Maya in her soft white summer dress, out on the lawn near the lilac bushes. She looked typically the society debutante, and no one would have guessed her origin. And when the picture was finished, Gordi placed it near above the fireplace.

Then just before Maya's twenty-first birthday, Gordi fell ill. At first it looked as though it was something trifling, but gradually he grew more pale and listless, though Maya had the greatest specialists in to see him.

And then it was at this time, at the time of Gordi's illness, that Maya's picture started changing. She noticed it herself one day as she came

down from Gordi's room. She came into the room and stood stock-still, her features paling. For by some quiet, unnatural means the face and dress of the picture were changing to that of a high priestess of the Aachen tribe.

It was that night that Maya sat a long time in Gordi's room, and held his hand and murmured words of love to him.

"Gordi," she whispered. "Gordi, nothing shall separate us. Neither death or my destiny shall keep us apart, for our love is greater than anything our fates may be. Wherever you are, and wherever I am, we will always be together."

That was the last time Maya was ever seen in the house. The next morning Gordi was found dead upon his bed, and Maya was nowhere to be found. All her clothes and jewels were still within her room, and though the caretaker had been wandering around sleepless all night and was sure she had not left, she was gone.

They buried Gordi two days after, and when the caretaker returned to the house, he first perceived that the change had been complete in the picture Gordi had painted. It was exactly the day of her twenty-first birthday, and the portrait was completely that of a strange priestess.

Having finished his tale, the caretaker fell silent for a long while while we both stared up at the portrait. And then he spoke again.

"I never told anyone, but it was in the master's bedroom, alongside his bed, that I found this." He shuffled over to the desk and from a drawer he took a headpiece, such as was worn by Maya in the portrait above us.

"She came to this house with nothing but this," he said. "Yet, when the spirits took her back, she was clothed as they. They took her back to her destiny," he said, "but they could not kill her love. It's here, right in this house, the love of the two of them, and it will be here forever."

His story had made a profound impression on me, and I was conscious of the stillness all around us. And then through that stillness I could swear I heard a soft tinkling laugh, a cooing laugh, as pleasant, "Gordi! Look, darling, it's stopped raining. Do come out in the garden, darling." And then I heard a man, answering a laughing agreement.

As the sound of their voices died away, I was conscious, too, that the rain had indeed stopped, and shortly thereafter I had my best a quick adieu.

Over the years, I had forgotten Collins Hall and the caretaker's story, and if I ever remembered it, I'd thought perhaps it was a dream. But now, standing here once again in the clearing, so close to the manor, I heard their voices again, and I knew that their love had indeed endured.

# WOMAN OF A THOUSAND FACES



WHERE IS YOUR SCIENCE NOW, DOCTOR? HOW CAN SCIENCE STOP MY APPARITIONS OF EVIL FROM DESTROYING YOU? HA! HA!



WE SHOULD HAVE BELIEVED, ERNEST! WE SHOULD HAVE BELIEVED!



WE WERE FOOLS! POOLS! WE'RE FINISHED! WE CAN'T FIGHT THE UNDEADLY!

"MOST PEOPLE SAY... WHEN I SEE IT, I'LL BELIEVE IT!" EVEN WHEN THEY SAW IT, THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE IT! NO WONDER THESE SCOFFERS AND SKEPTICS WERE A STEP FROM THE GRAVES THEY HAD DUG WITH THEIR OWN HANDS! AND YET IT HADN'T SO LONG AND THEY WERE SAYING...



YOUR MEDICAL SOCIETY WANTS YOU TO GO INTO THE JUNGLE DISTRICT TO INTERVIEW A WITCH DOCTOR WHO'S TRYING TO DESTROY AN EVIL BORDERER THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD? I THOUGHT SCIENCE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN WITCHCRAFT, DR. CADRILLO!



IT DOESN'T! NOR DOES IT BELIEVE IN A WOMAN WHO'S BEEN ALIVE FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS! BUT SHE'S ON MY CHECK LIST, TOO.



DR. CADRILLO, I'M A WRITER WITH A ROVING EYE FOR A STORY. I'LL JOIN YOUR SAFARI! SHOW ME! THEN MAYBE I'LL BELIEVE! MAYBE!



THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, ELLER. SHE'S COMING ALONG, TOO.



TO SCOFF, I HOPE?



NATURALLY WITCH DOCTORS AND EVIL WOMEN WHO LIVE FOREVER... WHAT SANE PERSON BELIEVES SUCH THINGS?

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE CADRILLO  
SAFARI ENTERED THE JUNGLE DIS-  
TRICT, A STRANGE CREATURE  
DROPPED IN A TREE, WATCHING...

MY VEINS?? HA! THE VEINS OF  
THE THOUSAND ANIMALS, THE  
THOUSAND SHAPES I HAVE TAKEN  
WHenever MY THIRST FOR  
BLOOD OVERHELMED ME!



YET STILL THEY COME  
TO CHALLENGE MY POWER...  
THESE STRANGERS, LIKE  
THE WITCH DOCTOR, WHO  
THINK I CAN BE DEFEATED  
BY MORTAL BEINGS!

HOW MANY DEATHS, I  
WONDER, HAVE GONE INTO  
THE THREE THOUSAND YEARS OF  
MY LIFE? HOW MANY RIVERS OF  
BLOOD WERE SPILLED TO  
FILL MY VEINS?



THAT NIGHT, AS THE SAFARI OF THREE BRITISH AND  
TEN FRIGHTENED NATIVES ENJOINED FOR THE NIGHT...

DAD, THE BEARERS SEEM  
SO RESTLESS! THEY KEEP  
STARRING AT THE JUNGLE  
AND MUMBLING!  
WHAT IS IT?

FEAR, MY DEAR! FEAR!  
THERE'S A LEOPARD OUT  
THERE. BEEN HOWLING  
SINCE SUNDOWN. THE  
NATIVES CLAIM IT'S A  
SPECIAL HOWL... MORE  
LIKE A HUMAN HOWL.

A HUMAN HOWL?  
THAT'S  
RIDICULOUS!



I AGREE, ELLEN,  
BUT THE NATIVES SAY  
IT'S THE WOMAN WHO'S  
LIVED THREE THOUSAND  
YEARS! THAT SHE TAKES  
BEASTLY FORMS TO HAVE THE  
BLOODY KILLS THAT SUSTAIN HER LIFE!

YOU'RE A NEWSPAPERMAN, ERNEST. YOU'VE  
SEEN MANY STRANGE THINGS. DO YOU BELIEVE  
IN THIS GOOD WITCH DOCTOR WHO WORKS  
MIRACLES OR THE EVIL WOMAN WHO  
LIVES FOREVER?

OF COURSE NOT, ELLEN! BUT IT'S  
THE KIND OF NOSSBARE SUNDAY  
SUPPLEMENT READERS EAT UP!  
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. TO MAKE  
A BUCK, WRITING ABOUT IT.





...AND TO GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER. LOTS BETTER! I LIKED YOU THE MINUTE I SAW YOU, ELLEN

FLATTERY WILL GET YOU NOWHERE, MR BRASHAM. KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE EGYPTIAN PRINCESS WHO'S LIVED THREE THOUSAND YEARS BY BECOMING AN ANIMAL VAMPIRE!



I'LL KEEP MY MIND... AND MY EMBRACE ON YOU! YOU'RE THE MOST EXCITING WOMAN I'VE EVER MET!

(GASP!) ERNEST! TH-THERE'S AN ANIMAL NEAR US!

HSSTTT!



IT'S THAT LEOPARD! IT WAS IN THE BRASH NOT A DOZEN FEET FROM US!

TH-THEN IT OVERHEARD EVERY WORD YOU SAID TO ME!

BANG!



OVERHEARD? YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SOUND LIKE THESE SUPERSTITIOUS NATIVES!

EASY, ELLEN! THOSE INEBRILE MEDICAL SOCIETIES ONLY SENT ME OUT TO INVESTIGATE A PACK OF RUMORS! WOMEN MAY BE CATS, NOT THREE THOUSAND YEAR-OLD LEOPARDS... AND THE WITCH DOCTOR WILL TURN OUT TO BE A DRUNKEN FINKER, MARK MY WORDS!



EEIHH!

That night, as the fires of the camp burned low, and the men snored uneasily near the embers...



FIVE HOURS MINUTES LATER...

ERNEST! GET UP! A LEOPARD KILLED ONE OF THE BEASTS! I FIRED AT THE BEAST! B-BUT THE BULLET WENT THROUGH IT! STRAIGHT THROUGH IT WITHOUT DAMAGE!

YOU'RE CRAZY, CARWILD! YOU'RE GETTING JITTERY, LIKE ELLEN! I'LL DO THE SHOOTING!



SEE? IT HAPPENED TO YOU, TOO! BULLETS CAN'T HURT THAT BEAST! IT MUST BE IMMUNE TO BULLETS, BECAUSE... (GASP!)... IT ISN'T A LEOPARD!

YOU'RE RIGHT, DAD! LOOK!... IT'S CHANGING!



SAFE, FOOLS!  
SAFE! DIE INTO  
YOUR MEDICAL  
BOOKS, DOCTOR!  
YOU CLAIM I CAN  
NOT EXIST. YET  
YOU ARE AFRAID  
OF ME.

IT-- IT'S  
A WOMAN!



YES, MY FRIENDS... A WOMAN! A FAR  
DIFFERENT WOMAN THAN YOU HAVE SEEN  
OR OBLIVIONED ABOUT? YOU WILL SEE ME  
AGAIN! I'LL BE BACK! AND  
WHEN I DO... BENEATH!



SHE'S  
GONE!

THEN YOU SAW IT, DOC? I DIDN'T  
SEE IT ALONE! IT REALLY  
HAPPENED! THE LEOPARD  
CHANGED INTO A  
WOMAN!

N-NO! IT CAN'T BE! IT  
IT WAS A TRICK! A MIRRED  
THING LIKE THIS DON'T  
HAPPEN!



YOU FIRE AT AN ANIMAL? YOU SEE THE  
BULLET'S HIT? NO WOMAN CAN RISE UP  
FROM ITS CARCASS! ALL WE SAW IS  
IMAGINATION! OUR IMAGINATION...  
PLAYING TRICKS ON US!

TRICKS, ERNEST! IMAGINATION!  
THE SCARPER LIES DEAD... HIS  
BLOOD SUCKED FROM HIS BODY!  
THERE IS NO LEOPARD, NO  
WOMAN, NO TRAIL... NOTHING!

IT WAS A SLIGHTLY  
CHANGED STORY OF  
AMERICANS WHO  
REACHED THE  
VILLAGE OF BORD,  
THE WITCH  
DOCTOR, TWO  
DAYS LATER...



THE RUMOR'S SPREAD AROUND AFRICA  
THAT YOU CURE ALL DISEASES... ALL  
ALMENTS! WHAT'S YOUR SECRET,  
BORD?

SECRET? BORD HAVE NO  
SECRET. BORD ASK BORD  
SPIRIT INSIDE BORD TO  
FIGHT EVIL SPIRIT IN  
SOMEBODY ELSE!



BORD HEAR EVIL  
WOMAN TAKE LEOPARD  
SHAPE. KILL BEARER!  
ASHAM BORD HAVE  
GOOD MEDICINE TO  
FIGHT EVIL  
MEDICINE!

HEAR THAT, CADRILLO?  
BORD'S GOT IT ALL FIGURED  
OUT! THERE'S GOOD MEDI-  
CINE AND BAG! JUST DROP  
SOME SHAKE BONES IN A  
BOILING POT AND EVERY-  
THING'S UNDER CONTROL!



SEE-BA!  
NAN-A-NO  
TEE!  
EE-BA!

REMEMBER THOSE  
MAGIC WORDS, DOC?  
LIKE "OPEN SESAME"  
AND "ABA-CADABRA",  
THEY'RE GOOD FOR  
WHATEVER AILS  
YOU!

SHUT UP YOU  
FOOL! YOU'RE  
NOT FUNNY! I'VE  
HAVEN'T GOT AN  
ANSWER FOR  
WHAT WE SAW  
OUT THERE...  
MAYBE HE HAS!

DON'T JUMP OFF THE DEEP END, DOC! WE SAW NOTHING IN THE JUNGLE! NOTHING! IT WAS A DREAM... LIKE THE BARK ABOUT SORO PERFORMING MEDICAL MIRACLES! ERNEST'S I CAME HERE TO WRITE IT UP, NOT TO WHIP IT UP, NOT TO LAP IT UP!

ERNEST'S RIGHT, DAD! YOU'RE COMING TO PIECES! YOU'RE DISGRACING SCIENCE!

BUT THIS ISN'T NEW YORK, ELLEN! THIS IS THE JUNGLE! LIFE HASN'T CHANGED HERE IN FIVE THOUSAND YEARS! MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO THIS MIMBO JIMBO!

COME TO YOUR SENSES, CADRILL! THERE'S ONLY ONE WORLD... GURD! SORO'S KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT OVER SUPER-STITIOUS IDIOCY!

*Hours Later... As The Brave Medicine Man Fell To His Knees.*

GOOD POWER NO COME! EVIL POWER TOO GREAT!... (GASP!) EVIL POWER COME CLOSER! EVIL POWER TRY TO KILL SORO!... (GASP!)... NO! NO!

I'VE HAD MY FILL OF THE HORRORS! I'M TURNING IN! THIS EVIL SPIRITS-HEARD-GOOD-SPIRITS BALONEY IS FOR THE BIRD!

**HATA - MOKO - KOSA - SE**

ERNEST! SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS GOING ON! CAN'T YOU SEE IT? DANGER IS ALL AROUND US!

YOU FOOL! YOU CALL YOURSELF A DOCTOR? A MAN OF SCIENCE?

EE-HAY! GOOD SPIRIT! COME! COME!... (GASP!) IT IS TOO LATE! WE... (GASP!)... ALL DIE!



O-DAD! LOOK!

EVIL SPIRITS!... (GASP!)... THEY KILL EVERYBODY!

W-NO!... (GASP!)... MY EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!

THAT'S IT, MR. GRAHAM! GO ON PRETENDING THE SUPERNATURAL CAN'T HAPPEN WHILE IT DOES HAPPEN... I GO, MY MIMBOS! SLAY THE WITCH DOCTOR! HE SOUGHT MY DEATH!

IT'S THE LEOPARD-WOMAN!

SHE'S ORDERING HER CREATURES TO KILL SORO! STOP THEM! STOP THEM!

STOP WHAT? THE WIND? THE AIR? THERE'S NOTHING HERE!

I FIRE AT THE FIENDS-- YET THE BULLETS STRIKE NOTHING! GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US? WHAT HORRORS ARE WE FACING?

**EEEEEEAAHH!**





BORD IS DEAD!  
—GASP!  
ERNEST!  
NOW THEY'RE AFTER US!

GUYS RIGHT, DOCTOR! MY LITTLE PETS WILL SLAY YOU AS EASILY AS THEY DESTROYED BORD, UNLESS MR. GRAHAM JOINS ME! UNLESS HE BODDIES MY CO-RULERS!



CAN YOU BE THE CONSORT OF A THREE THOUSAND YEAR OLD WOMAN, MR. GRAHAM? OH YOUR ANSWER DEPENDS THE LIVES OF YOUR FRIENDS, OF EVERY NATIVE IN THIS VILLAGE!

NO! NO! ERNEST.

ALL RIGHT, YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR WIFE, WHATEVER YOU ARE ...



YOUR MINDS REEL? SCIENCE PREPARED YOU FOR NOTHING LIKE THIS, EH? YOU THOUGHT THE SUPER-NATURAL, THE UNEARTHLY WAS THE DEBESION OF IDIOTS AND BRAGGES! YOU PUT YOUR TRUST IN REASON, IN SCIENCE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF SCIENCE NOW?

SCIENCE IS USELESS! WE'RE HELPLESS AGAINST POWERS OF EVIL WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND!



UNDERSTANDING? HA! OF WHAT USE IS UNDERSTANDING? BORD UNDERSTOOD! BORD TRIED TO DESTROY ME ... AS HUNDREDS OF WITCH DOCTORS THROUGH THE CENTURES TRIED TO DESTROY ME! SEE HOW BORD SUCCEEDED? HA! HA!

YOU'RE HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE BEYOND BELIEF! I MUST SAY THIS NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO TO ME!



YOU DON'T KNOW ME, MY DEAR! I'LL GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION OF HOW HORRIBLE I CAN BE! HERE'S A GLIMPSE OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU! ... SO, MY DEVILS! WIRE OUT EVERY CREATURE IN THIS VILLAGE! GO! SLAY! SLAY!

NO! YOU MUSTN'T! YOU SAWE ME YOUR WORD!



MY WORDS? HA! HA! YOU ARE A FOOL! WHAT IS A PROMISE TO ME? I AM EVIL! ITSELF! DOES EVIL CARE FOR HONOR, TRUTH, KINDNESS? EVIL DOES WHAT IT PLEASES, WITHOUT MERCY!

YOU CANT TALK TO HER, ERNEST! SHE HAS NO MIND, NO SOUL, NO HEART! THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE FOR US ... BORD! ONLY BORD CAN SAVE US!



PRAY, ERNEST! PRAY! SCIENCE IS POWERLESS! KNOWLEDGE IS USELESS! REASON IS FUTILE! ONLY BORD'S GOOD MEDICINE CAN HELP US! FEE-BA! MAW-A-ED-TEE! EEE-BA!

STOP IT! SH MY MINDS WILL SHUT YOU FIRST!

FIRST... SECOND... WHAT DOES IT MATTER? WE'RE DOOMED ANYWAY! YOUR FATHER'S RIGHT, ELLEN! BORD'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! PRAY!



ALL RIGHT, YOU FOOLS! YOU'LL DIE! ALL OF YOU! ... SLAY THEM, MY BRIDES!

PRAY, BRIDES! PRAY!

I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER WHAT SORO SAID! WAIT! I— I REMEMBER! HATA-HARO—BA! EEE—BA!



HATA-HARO—BA! EEE—BA! SORO! YOU MUST HELP US! YOU MUST!

(GASP!) LOOK! SOMETHING'S RISING FROM SORO'S CORPSE!

A GHOST! SORO'S GHOST!



YES! I AM THE GHOST OF SORO! ALIVE, I WAS POWERLESS AGAINST THE SHE-DEVIL'S EVIL! DEAD... I AM ALL-POWERFUL! YOUR PRAYERS BROUGHT ME INTO EXISTENCE! YOUR BELIEF IN THE OTHER WORLD! BECAUSE YOU BELIEVED AT LAST... I COULD COME!

EVIL SPIRITS! SLAY SORO! SLAY HIS GHOST!



NO, EVIL ONE! THIS REVENGE HAS BEEN LONG IN COMING! BUT IT IS HERE AT LAST, AFTER THREE THOUSAND YEARS! COMPLETE REVENGE!



B-SORO! ... (GASP!) ... NO! B-DON'T KILL ME!

THERE ARE POWERS OF EVIL AND DARKNESS, PRIESTESS! BUT THERE ARE ALSO INVISIBLE POWERS OF GOOD! TOMORROW, THE GOOD SHALL WIN!



EEEEAAA!

MY WORK IS DONE! THE EVIL SPIRITS FLEE IN TERROR! THE ARCH-FEIND IS DEAD! —NOW I, TOO, CAN RETURN TO THE DEAD... IN PEACE!



SOON THE JUNGLE WAS CLEAR OF SPIRITS, GOOD AND EVIL... ALL HAD PASSED LIKE A DREAM. YET ONE SHRED OF REALITY REMAINED... THE DEAD WITCH DOCTOR.

IT DID HAPPEN, DAD, DIDN'T IT? IT WASN'T A DREAM?

NO, MY DEAR... REALITY IS SOMETIMES THE DREAM!

TODAY WE DISCOVERED A NEW WORLD— THE WORLD BEYOND REALITY! WE HAVE MUCH TO LEARN! MUCH!

THE END

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Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.



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 I'd like to see you with him!  
 I'd like to see you with him!

dangerous drugs... you get it like candy! Yes... if you were to have this same prescription compounded in your doctor, it would cost you many times more. However, through this extraordinary offer, you can obtain 4-week MORE-WATE tablets... a full 10 day supply... for just \$1.00 or a 10 day supply for only \$1.00 plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, by MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if you aren't delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! There's nothing to lose... and weight is gained! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who drinks

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The 4-week MORE-WATE tablets are scientifically guaranteed to put on weight! or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-week tablet... that contains not just one... or two... but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight! Known to medical science, MORE-WATE is not a liquid... it's a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamins B-12, the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals... It contains iron that helps restore liver deficiency, anemia and health risk, and blood, it contains appetizing-tasting vitamin B1... and it contains potassium, easily assimilated salt, the amazing ingredients that help your body grow much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can begin your fight to add new pounds to your chest, slank, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny... it should be so incredibly good for children of your age! You must believe the figure you want... or don't pay anything. Act now!

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 Fill out your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10-day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

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